Ile croſſe it though it blaſt me: ſtay illuſion, *It ſpreads his armes.*
If thou haſt any ſound or vſe of voice,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe eaſe and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy Countries fate
VVhich happily foreknowing may auoid,
O ſpeake:
Or if thou haſt vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the wombe of earth,
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walke in death. *The Cocke crowes.*
Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeake, ſtop it *Marcellus.*

Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,
VVe doe it wrong being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhow of violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to ſpeak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearfull ſummons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his loftie and ſhrill ſounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
VVhether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Aire,
Th' extrauagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This preſent obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock,
Some ſay that euer gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
VVherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dare ſtirre abroad
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

So hallowed and ſo gracious is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleeue it,
But looke the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eaſtward hill:
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduiſe,
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This ſpirit dumbe to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitring our dutie.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conuenient. *Exeunt*

Flouriſh. Enter Clandius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counſaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe & our whole kingdom,
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our ſelues:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene
Th' Imperiall ioyntreſſe to this warlike State
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auſpitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall ſcale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we herein bard
Your better wiſdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you know young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to be diſioynt, and out of frame
Collegued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to peſter vs with meſſage